Were red hotte ſteele to ſeare me to the braine,
Annointed let me be with deadly poyſon,
And die, ere men can ſay, God ſaue the Queene.
Qu. Alas poore ſoule, I enuie not thy glorie,
To feede my humor, wiſh thy ſelfe no harme.
Dut. Glo. No, when he that is my husband now,
Came to me as *I* followed Henries courſe,
When ſcarce the blood was well waſht from his hands,
Which iſſued from my other angell husband,
And that dead ſaint, which then *I* weeping followed,
O, when I ſay, *I* lookt on Richards face,
This was my wiſh, be thou quoth *I* accurſt,
For making me ſo yong, ſo old a widow,
And when thou weedſt, let ſorrow haunt thy bed,
And be thy wife, if any be ſo badde
As miſerable by the death of thee,
As thou haſt made me by my deare Lords death,
Loe, euen I can repeate this curſe againe,
Euen in ſo ſhort a ſpace, my womans heart
Groſly grew captiue to his hony words,
And prou'd the ſubiects of my own ſoules curſe,
Which euer ſince hath kept my eyes from ſleepe,
For neuer yet, one houre in his bed,
Haue I enioyed the golden deaw of ſleepe,
But haue beene waked by his timerous dreames,
Beſides, he hates me for my father Warwicke,
And will ſhortly be rid of me.
Qu. Alas poore ſoule, *I* pittie thy complaints.
Dut. Glo. No more thē from my ſoule *I* mourne for yours,
Qu. Farewell, thou wofull welcomer of glorie.
Dut. Glo. Adue poore ſoule, thou takſt thy leaue of it.
Du. Yor. Go thou to Richmōd, & good fortun guide thee.
Go thou to Richard, and good *A*ngels guard thee,
Go thou to ſanctuarie, good thoughts poſſeſſe thee,
I to my graue where peace and reſt lie with me,
Eightie odde yeares of ſorrow haue *I* ſeene,
*A*nd each houres ioy wrackt with a weeke of teene.

The

The Trumpets ſo
ha

King. Stand al
Giue me thy han
Thus high by thy
And thy aſſiſtanc
But ſhall we wear
Or ſhall they laſt,
Buc Still liue t
Kin. Ri. O Buc
To trie if thou be
Yong Edward liu
Buc. Say on my
Kin. Why Buck
Buc. Why ſo you
Kin. Ha: am *I*
*Buc, T*rue noble
King. O bitter c
That Edward ſtil
Coſen, thou wert
Shall I be plaine ?
And *I* would haue
What ſaiſt thou ?
Buc. Your Gra
*Kin. T*ut, tut, th
Say, haue *I* thy co
Buc. Giue me ſo
Before I poſitiuely
I will reſolue your
*Cat. T*he kihg i
King. I will co
And vnreſpectiue
That looke into m
Boy, high reaching
Boy. Lord.
King. Knowſt th